

Workout Routine by deaddemonbunny

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Summary:

Steve really likes when Billy works out.

Workout Routine

I shoved Steve up against the counter, pressing myself to him and locking our lips together. He was notably taller, but i made him lean down into it. He wanted to work for it anyway. I pressed my tongue against his lower lip and then bit at it, trying to get the fucker to open his mouth. Steve finally took the hint and let me shove my tongue into him, immediately twisting my tongue with his. Steve shuddered and gripped at my bare, sweaty shoulders, just holding me closer. I thought it was fucking gross, but Steve apparently thought that watching me work out was the hottest thing he'd ever laid eyes on. He'd walked in, stood in the doorway and eyed me for a long time, looking sultry and a little turned on, but I had waited. I told him to go the fuck away while I was still working. Which he did, but he didn't go very far.

When I'd come out of the room, Steve was leaning on the island in his kitchen, drinking what looked like orange juice. God, what a pussy.

I started to walk over to him and he immediately noticed me, taking his eyes away from the backyard seen through the sliding glass door and putting his drink down on the countertop.

Now we're making out and I'm sweaty as hell, but Steve fucking loves it. I know I smell like cigarettes, too, and that he loves that just as much. God, this guy is so fucking weird, but i love it.

I lift him effortlessly onto the counter and pull his hips closer to me, moving my mouth down to to his neck and biting hard at the flesh. Steve must have been working himself up out here, cause he's already crooning for me. I shoved my hands up his shirt, feeling up his thin chest and pinching his cute pink nipples. We lock lips again even more feverishly than before. This guy is like a fucking virgin at the moment, because he squirms and makes a sound against my mouth, giving me better access to shove my tongue into his throat. Heavy petting gets heavier before he starts to get impatient and grab at my hair, pulling away from my lips and mumbling something to me about how weird it is that he's turned on by how I smell. "Yeah, it is fuckin' weird. You're a goddamned weirdo." He rolls his eyes at me and I smirk, pulling him down off the counter and turning him around. I push his hips against the counter and he groans. "You like that Steve?" I press his hips in again and he shivers, panting out

heavily, and forcing me to laugh breathlessly at him. Steve lays on his chest and stomach on the counter, elbows up. He tries to look back at me occasionally, but gives up after a little while.

I work to get his pants down, unbuttoning them and pushing them and his boxers down to his thighs, exposing that tight ass. Steve shifts and gives me room to do what i need too, which is nice of him. It's hot just to watch him lay there and squirm while he's panting. Without any hesitation, I smack my hand down on his ass as hard as I can, making Steve yelp as a red hand print forms immediately. I grab the orange juice Steve set down and chug it before pitching the glass onto the floor towards the kitchen. There's not even any time for Steve to get mad, cause I lean forward and shove three, sweaty, metal tasting fingers into his mouth. I press my dick up against Steve through the shorts I'm wearing and shove the fingers deeper into his throat. He's real compliant, instantly closing his lips around my fingers and getting them wet with his tongue. Steve can be such a freak.

I don't really want to waste a lot of time, so i yank my fingers from his mouth and push his legs further apart.

It's barely a few minutes in and I have all three fingers shoved deep in him already, poking around his insides and curling them to make his knees weak and his legs tremble. He's so easily won over and I love that about him. No matter how shitty I get, he's always ready to take one for the team. Literally.

Steve is crumbling right before my eyes. He even starts to push back against my fingers and groan softly. His face his resting on the countertop and I can see his eyes roll into the back of his head. He fucking loves it. He loves that I treat him like shit, like he's my rag doll. I yank the finger out without warning, back away a little. "Stay. Don't move." I command very sternly and he knows I mean it, holding his position on the counter.

A cigarette sounds good, so I grab the pack and pop one out, then snatch the lighter and walk back over to Steve. "Turn around." I speak and there's no hesitation. God, he may be weird, but he's a fucking gift. "Kneel." I gesture down and he gets onto his knees, checking for glass close by. I set the cigarette in my mouth and flip open the lighter, inhaling as the flames hit the other end.

I toss the lighter onto the counter and blow out the smoke through my nose. I pull my shorts down and take out my dick, pushing Steve's face closer. Being the good boy he is, Steve is immediately sliding his

tongue up and down, getting it wet with his saliva. He grips at my hips and I maneuver my dick to press against his lips, pinching Steve's nose to he opens his mouth. It goes in so smooth and his eyebrows curve up as it presses against the back of his throat. "God, you're such a fucking slut, Steve. You take dick like it's all you've ever done." I inhale again and exhale nice and slow, towards him.

Unfortunately, I'm starting to get antsy myself and after I throat fuck him a bit, I pull his head away and yank him off the floor, gesturing for him to turn around. Of course, I'm glad again that he listens to my hand gestures. It's great.

Steve bends over and rests his forehead on the counter, shivering from the cold marble on his skin. I take another deep inhale and lean down to Steve's shoulders, exhaling against his ear as I press up against him. "You're a fucking mess, Steve Harrington."

The need gets to be too much, so I stand back up straight and guide myself pressing it into him a little bit, getting a small gasp from Steve, but I plan to get much more. He's already pushing his hips back against me, which makes it easier to get in faster. Once my dick pushes past the initial struggle, it slides in half way pretty easily and forces a moan out of Steve's body. I don't hesitate much as I push deeper, getting wonderful reactions as Steve arches and trembles, while the sounds of delight pour out of his mouth. I could just eat this guy. He's fucking delicious.

Another drag and I'm in all the way, giving him a little time to catch his breath, but not enough. I thrust without warning, extracting some guttural, feral like whine from Steve and it fucking turns me on, so I don't stop. I can hear him trying to say something, but I barely give him a chance to do anything but catch his breath.

A knock on the door distracts me for a moment, but I ignore it and growl out the same to Steve, letting him know we won't be getting the door. However, the person rings the doorbell just a minute later and Steve starts to shift, but I shove him down. "Nah, let them come back later..." I hiss, breathing smoke out onto Steve's back. His face is smushed against the counter and he looks like a mess, drooling a little and disheveled as all hell. "How could you get the door anyway? You should see how to look right now..." Steve's face gets redder almost instantly and I don't hesitate to slam into him again, making that face contort from embarrassment to bliss. It's a fucking good sight to see.

The doorbell rings two more times before whoever's there gives up.

Thank fucking god. I grab Steve's hair, using it as leverage to go faster, cigarette in hand. "You fucking love that, huh?" I get a response through trembling breaths and a gasped out, 'Yes!'

Something is moving out of the corner of my eye and I'm drawn to it immediately, glancing out the sliding glass door to the backyard. Of course, I see those fucking kids. Fuck them. They look like they are here to get in the pool and probably bug Steve, but he's mine right now. Luckily, Steve is far too busy to notice them and he still looks like he's in pure nirvana. Best part of this whole thing, now, is I can see they've noticed. They all seem kind of taken aback. Of course they would be. Being only 14, you don't experience this kind of thing often. They stand there, trying to figure out how to process it for awhile. I can see it in their faces.

Then, most of them book it, except for one of them. That curly hair one, the little dork that always wears the hat. He doesn't move. I can't really tell how he's feeling, but he's glancing back and forth between Steve and I. We lock eyes for a moment and his face goes darker red than it already was. I smirk at him and slowly lean down to Steve, making sure to hold eye contact still. I take the cigarette out of my mouth, smoke pouring out with my words. "You're such a good show, Steve... Anybody would want to watch you...." I chuckle and he groans softly, still moaning with each thrust. He doesn't even seem to realize and I think that's just fucking great. So, I decide to fuck with him. "Steve, you want my dick that bad, huh? You love it, you filthy slut..." I yank him up by his hair, forcing a gasp out of him and I hold him back like that, his back arching down words and his head leaning back. Steve eventually grows too desperate and I push him back down on the counter, holding his head down and going much faster. His knees buckles and he orgasms with his dick pressed against the countertop.

Even though he's limp and whimpering, I keep going for a bit until I cum inside him and dig my nails into his hips.

I look back over to the window and that kid is standing there still, red in the face, confusion in his expression, and a very obvious problem in his pants. I put the cigarette out on the counter and flick it to the side, laughing quietly and looking away from him. I decided to say something now. I gesture out the window and chuckle again, "Hey Steve... so, you know him?"